

HIS CODE MESSAGE.

It Waan't Quite So Mysterious as He Intended It to Be.

The frequency with which revolutions occur in Latin American lands makes them "anybody's game," and as a result of this many persons without experience either in conspiracy or battle are likely at any moment to find themselves conspirators and warriors.

The novice in question, having suddenly acquired a violent distaste for the president of his native land, rushed away from home in a great rage and enlisted in the revolutionary ranks. The next thing he knew he was detailed to raise troops in a certain district.

It was explained to him that he must envelop all his acts in dark secrecy. In order the better to accomplish this the revolutionary commander told the novice that whenever he felt called upon to pen a dispatch he must couch it in the terms of a code, so that government officers might not guess the meaning of any dispatch if it fell into their hands.

The novice promised to follow instructions to the letter. A few weeks later he had collected a force of soldiers and desired to acquaint revolutionary headquarters with the fact. Taking his copy of the code from his pocket, he duly noted that "cow" was the code word for soldier and "cigar" the one for rifle.

He set down and wrote a dispatch. It fell into the enemy's hands. It was conceived in these cryptic terms:

"I have the honor to report that I have 200 cows and 150 cigars, but the cows have no shoes and the cigars no bayonets."—New York Times.

A Good Work.

Edith was light hearted and merry over everything. Nothing appealed to her seriously. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young parson to dinner, and he was placed next the light hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"You speak of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl. "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."

Two Wedding Texts.

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the signer," married two sisters, the daughters of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favorite with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So when the banns were published the parent said, "Mary, if you will furnish the text I will preach you a wedding sermon."

She was equal to the task and gave the text, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the text.

Not so with Margaret, who in the meanwhile was receiving the attentions of her John in a very inexpensive way, as far as her parents were concerned, for it is said that "he never crossed his legs under their festive board." So, when the banns were published she said to her father: "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary. Cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred, but at last consented and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said, "And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and yet ye say he hath a devil."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gave Him Due Credit.

Str James Scarlett, the great English lawyer, when practicing at the bar had to examine a witness whose evidence promised to be damaging unless he could be previously confused. The only



"I HAM," REPLIED MR. TOMPKINS.

vulnerable point of the man was said to be his self esteem.

The witness, a portly, overdressed person, went into the box, and Scarlett took him in hand.

"Mr. John Tompkins, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You are a stockholder?"

"I am," replied Mr. Tompkins, with a pronounced cockney accent.

Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments and then said dryly, "And a very large, well dressed ham you are, sir."

The shout of laughter which followed completely disconcerted Mr. Tompkins, and the lawyer's point was gained.



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CORNISH VERSUS THE FIGHTING GAME.

If all coons do look alike, all Games are not just Games, as a glance at our rooster cuts will show. The fighting Game dates back a thousand years before the Christian era. He has licked everything in sight down through the ages, but the Indian Game is not a prancing poultry pugilist, but a big, juicy market fowl, "heavy as lead."

His looks are deceiving, you'll be slow at believing, but the cockerel pictured here weighs just eight pounds.

At first this breed was called Indian Game, but the bloody odium of that name Game so affected its fame through the popular mistake as to its identity that the two varieties were



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

WHITE CORNISH COCKEREL.

renamed Cornish and White Indians. Then, the name Indian seeming a misnomer for a fowl that originated in Cornwall, England, the last standard again changed the breed name to Cornish Fowl, now consisting of three varieties, Dark, White and White Laced Red, the latter new variety weighing one pound less than the others.

It is claimed the Dark Cornish is a mixture of Lord Derby Black Breasted Red Game, Red Aseel and Sumatra Game, and the White is a sport from this combination, though other experts declare the White is from a cross of White Game and Malay.

We are not here to wrangle over rooster history, but mainly to remove



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

FIGHTING GAMECOCK.

the impression that this valuable variety belongs to the fighting Game class.

The Cornish cut no figure in the rooster pugilistic world.

There is as great a difference between them and the Game cock as between a heavy draft horse and a trotter.

Striking points of this breed are the peacomb, short neck, wide back, short, drooping tail, deep, broad breast, large thighs, thick legs, set very wide apart.

They are constructed to carry a very large proportion of fine fibered meat, are especially good in crosses for capons, and the hens are fair layers.

DARK AND WHITE STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Pounds. Pounds. Dork 8 Hen 7 Cockerel 9 Pullet 6

DON'TS.

Don't mind a blister. Success and blisters are twin sisters.

Don't expect eggs where roosters rough house. A fray, no lay, no day.

RUBE BEATS ALL FUR EATS.

While folks in town are hustlin' round a-huntin' fur their eats An' payin' out spoodles for their taters an' their beets,

Rube Co'n'tassel jst sits at home an' piles on hickory wood; With eats all stacked around him you jst bet he has it good.

Is it turkey, is it chicken, is it goose or is it duck? Well, you bet, sir, Mr Ruben don't depend on no pot luck!

Is it sausage? Is it scrapple? Is it pud-din'? Is it ham? Is it butter, bread an' smearcase, cream an' milk an' dandy jam?

Oh, gee crippens, I can't mention all the grub that Rube's stacked up Fur his breakfasts, dinners, lunches an' the many times Rube sups! You poor fellers in the city, livin' on canned beans an' sich, Go 'long out an' board with Ruben; git some sausage an' some flitch.

Rube will meet you in the doorway, an' he'll yell out in one breath: "Who is this poor, skinny feller? 'Pears to me he's starved to death!" Then he'll take you to the table, then he'll yell, "Back up your cart!" An' you'll eat an' eat an' eat, sir, till yer waistband busts apart.

C. M. BARNITZ.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. I paid \$10 for a setting of White Rock eggs, and the twelve chicks hatched were not pure white. Should they not be pure white if pure bred? A. White Rock chicks in the down are apt to come white, canary, smoky, grayish black, buff, and cannot be judged as to color until feathers appear. We have seen them almost black, then feather into silver white.

Q. I have a Leghorn cockerel with some white in the face, and I notice the standard disqualifies Mediterranean cockerels and pullets with "positive white" in the face. How may I tell whether it is "positive white" or just common ordinary white? A. Rub the white spot with the finger. If it turns red and remains so for several seconds it is not "positive white." By such friction this "enamel white" is often removed if persisted in.

Q. What do you think makes my pigeons desert their eggs and squabs? They only feed what squabs are hatched a few days. A. There are a number of reasons for this—excitement, mice or ticks in the nest and the battles, flirtations, family jars and elopements caused by unmated birds in the loft.

Q. What is a "squirrel tail" and what is a "coop tail"? A. The word "squirrel" is applied to a fowl's tail when it projects toward the head beyond a perpendicular line drawn from juncture of back and tail. The squirrel tail is inherited and permanent, but the coop tail is acquired by fowls that are confined in a small show coop. When given more room they drop their tails back to natural position.

Q. Is it true that Canada ships more eggs into this country than we send back? A. Our shipment last year was 1,000,000 eggs and Canada's 480,000.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

The fellow with the "marvelous secret" to tell the sex of eggs is again abroad.

What has become of those doctors who preached that fresh eggs bring that yellor bilious look and cause liver flinjmags? Funny what fool notions come and go!

In storing clover for fowls hang it up in bags; otherwise much of the leaf—the best part—is lost. Cut it in short lengths for hopper feeding or into meal for mash.

Two ducks at Jersey Shore, Pa., that went broody at the same time adopted the unusual stunt of taking turns on the nest. Yes; it's seldom that two female quacks get along so well together.

An editor arises to remark: "There is no sweat, no strain, no worry, over chickens. The industry seems to care for itself and cares extremely well." This editor is not a liar, but he is badly mistaken.

Farmers are gradually getting away from that old style of exclusive corn rations for hens. To those who are still in the rut we quote the rime, "Laying strains, earnest pains and mixed grains for best gains."

It is quite amusing to see some of our harebrained poultry writers using the a priori and Charles Darwin theories in their profound discussion of rooster origin and hen heredity. If Darwin could read their fool stuff he'd surely turn turtle.

When the head of the query department of a Philadelphia daily advised an inquirer to grease her old White Rocks thoroughly with lard and kerosene and to repeat the dose in a week she certainly didn't think what an awful mess such a mixture of grease and rooster would make and yet some more if the birds took a dust bath. The fools and the city farmers aren't all dead yet, you bet!

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is advocating the "loss off" system for the sale of all eggs. Under the old plan eggs are sold by the dozen regardless of whether good, bad or indifferent. Under the "loss off" plan the eggs are candled and the seller is not paid for the bad ones. This is a good plan, but the seller should be a witness to the candling to guard against a rotten deal.

Dr. Max Staller of Mount Sinai hospital, Philadelphia, has successfully used the lining of eggshells as a substitute for human skin in grafting operations. This lining is really the epidermis of embryonic chickens, contains cells similar to human skin, quickly adheres to the burned surface and covers it with beautiful new skin.

C. M. Barnitz.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

David Fortnam, mention of whose death appeared in last week's Citizen, died of heart trouble at his home, Tyler Hill, at 2 a. m. Wednesday, May 15, 1912, and the funeral was held on Friday at the Damascus Baptist church, the pastor, Rev. R. D. Minch, officiating. Mr. Fortnam had a slight stroke in February and since that time he had had several attacks of heart trouble. On Tuesday afternoon preceding his death he called on a neighbor, Howard Lord, returned home at 4 p. m., ate his supper and retired. In the night heart trouble came on and he passed quietly away.

Mr. Fortnam was born in England and at the age of six years he came with his parents and they settled at Ararat, Susquehanna county. Four years later they removed to Tyler Hill, where David grew to manhood and became one of the most successful dairy farmers in the county. He was postmaster at Tyler Hill for a number of years, and was honored and respected by all his acquaintances. He was a man of sterling character, one whose "word was always as good as a bond." In 1856 he and his wife, who was a sister of Israel Tyler, united with the Damascus Baptist church, and in 1872 he was chosen deacon, which office he filled continuously with earnest, Christian grace. The doors of his handsome home were ever open to welcome his pastor or any visiting minister. He was quiet, unassuming, never seeking preferment, but whatever duty he was called upon to do, was performed promptly and in the best manner possible.

His wife died May 31, 1902. Three daughters and one son were born to them, none of whom survive. The son, Thomas L., died July 23, 1911, leaving a wife, Helen Bushnell, and one son, Clarence. Tobias A. Smith, of Tyler Hill, is a stepson of the deceased.

SPENCER

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REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz:

Account of Caroline G. Schrader, administratrix of the estate of Christian Schrader, Salem.

First and final account of George P. Rollison, executor of the estate of John H. Becker, Salem.

First and final account of Erwin Cole, executor of the estate of Malden Bennett, Mount Pleasant.

First and final account of P. J. Haggerty, administrator of the estate of James H. Pives, Mount Pleasant.

First and final account of Annie Mae Goldsmith, administratrix of the estate of Annie M. Stinnard, Palmyra.

First and final account of R. F. Warg, administrator of the estate of Ann Elizabeth Bauer, Hawley.

First and final account of M. H. Davis, administrator of the estate of Frank L. Washburn, Preston.

First and final account of Homer Greene, executor of the estate of Anna Delezenne, Honesdale.

First and final account of W. B. Ammerman, executor of the estate of Ellen M. Thompson, Hawley.

W. B. LESHER, Register. 304.

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